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POEMS.

Amicis Candidisque Legenda,

P O T M S

6



AMELIA's BIRTH-DAY.

Feb. 4. 1742-3.



ALM and serene, as is AMELIA's soul,

The morn awakes ; and, o'er th' enliven'd plain

Shedding æthereal mildness, ushers in

The revolution of that happy day

That gave my charmer birth. The sun himself,

Partaking of the mighty joy I feel,

Shines conscious ; and, to man and beast and herb

Dispensing kindliest influence, displays

The plenteous prospect of the rising year :

Type of that good thy virtues promise me,

Thy virtues——endless spring of solid bliss !

NOT thro' the dazzling glare of wealth, nor yet

Of outward beauty's more fallacious shew,

Do I behold thee ; but with reason's eye,

And as thou art ; mild, humble, good, sincere,

Made up of sense, benevolence, and truth :

Perfections ! richer than *Peruvian* mines,
 And brighter than the day. *Friendship's* dear tie
 Unites our souls : friendship ! without whose aid,
 Whose rational, entend'ring, nameless joys,
 Ev'n love degrades us, sinking into lust.

BLEST pow'r ! coeval with *created life* !
 Uniting GOD, and men, and angels, all
 With one strong-binding chain ! come, and improv'd
 By love's soft passion, hover o'er our hearts ;
 There light, there dwell, there fix thy residence,
 " * Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets ! "
 But who can speak thy sway ? who can describe
 Thy many tender, soft, endearing joys,
 Sensations delicate ! ev'n language fails,
 And words want meaning to declare thy pow'r,
 Known only there where most it lives and acts.

INFORM'D, dear maid, with friendship's mighty
 soul,
 Our lives must speak its sway : its sway, conjoin'd
 With virtue, shall improve our joys, our cares
 Disarm, and antedate the bliss above.
 Death too shall own its pow'r ; the feeble wretch
 With equal ease might enter heav'n's high dome
 And ravage there, as from the mind divide
 Its temper and the essence of its joys :
 No, we'll defy his rage ; and when we drop
 This mould'ring clay, improv'd as much as earth
 Improvement yields, we'll spring to endless bliss,
 Pure, unmix'd, real pleasure ! and our loves
 Like to our heav'n-born souls, shall be immortal.

* Milton.

A N



A N
EPITHALAMIUM.

WITH trembling artless hand, again I strike
Th' unpractis'd lyre; and, glowing with
the joy

That marks this happy day, once more attempt
The love-devoted song: Come, *Hymen*, come!
With each fond, tender, rapt'rous thought, that swells
Thy vot'ries breasts, ennobling all the soul;
Inspire the generous lay: that *DELIA*'s smiles;
And *DELIA*'s praise, may be the blest reward!

FROM *Love*, from *Love* divine, begin the strain!
From *Love*, th' exciting cause, the grand support,
The lasting tye, of being, life, and bliss!

ERST man and earth were not. A useles void
Prevail'd throughout; until the eternal source
Of light, of life and love, his spirit breath'd
Along the dark abyss. Then matter rose;
And passive, yielding to his plastic-hand,
Earth, water, air, sun, moon and stars, appear,
And fill their measur'd spheres. God saw 'twas good;
And bade one ceaseless law of *mutual aid*,
And *perfect harmony*, direct the whole.

BUT whence the great and wond'rous frame?
say, whence
Such vast profusion of sublime delight? —————

* From love to man.'—Why melt the balmy skies,
 And shed ambrosia round ? Why teems the earth
 With herbs, and fruits, and flowers ? Why darts the sun
 His wide effulgence forth, enlivening all
 The glad creation ? Why, the purling rill,
 The murmur'ring stream, the gently-whisp'ring gale,
 The mellow warbling of the winged-choir,
 Join in full concert, and the lift'ning sense
 Raise to an extasy of heavenly bliss ?
 Why—but to bless man's life with health and ease,
 And ev'ry kindling joy ? For what his mind ;
 Its memory, judgment, and perception strong ?
 If not to improve, enlarge, exalt, refine,
His nature's good. But man's deficient still—
 Too gross his frame, too cramp't his mental powers,
 In high and close communion to enjoy
 His parent-god ; and yet, for converse form'd,
 And breathing *social love*, no mate appears,
 Amid the crowds that fill his anxious eye,
 Worthy his friendship, and his soft regards.

His breast's a dreary void. The little strings
 That carry'd out his soul to something *good*,
 He knows not what, untouched, recoil and shrink :
 The gay delights, that struck his new-born powers
 With speechless ravishment, now pall the sense ;
 And dull, and spiritless, relax'd, forlorn,
 He seeks the gloomy shade, and asks of heaven
 To take th' uneasy load of life again.

HEAV'N heard his plaints, pre-purpos'd to remove,
 For heav'n's the seat supreme of love. Then 'rose
 Creation's excellence ! then, *Woman*, thou
 With mingled lustre shone, inclosing all
 That's great and good, majestic and mild,
 In one fair form ! yet, made to temper man,

The

The tend'rer passions in thy frame prevail,
And raise, refine, and humanize his soul.
In thee, he finds, sweet solace of his cares !
The easy natural flow, the soul of wit,
With innocence and delicacy, join'd
In nice assemblage : and, in thee, the best
The truest *friendship*, heighten'd by the charms
Of graceful action, and of winning looks,
That speak a thousand nameless things : his heart
Softn'd, entender'd, and subdu'd, approves
The gentle sway, and all his powers are *love*.

MAN, now, was blest. The void within was *fill'd* :
The gay delights, that struck, in vain, his sense,
By dear *participation* were improv'd :
The tender strings that shrivel'd in his breast,
Now brac'd, to social-music tun'd his soul,
And all was harmony, and all was peace :
He knew his bliss ; and, in *one paffim*, felt
Each strong, endearing tye, that links his race.

THUS GOD the power of *amity* has wrought
Within the frame and texture of the mind :
Thus, private-good on *social* must be rais'd,
Or man's felicity's a dream : and thus,
By nature's law, is fix'd *connubial love* !

— ALL hail *connubial love* ! From thee,
Immaculate spring ! the gentle streams of *life*
Run smooth and deep throughout the peopled earth ;
Each different current rolling big with bliss !
Hence *public-weal*, and all the noble views
That warm the patriot-heart ; hence *private-good* ;
The mother's fondness, and the father's care :
Hence, too, fraternal peace and love : and hence
Friendship, the joy refin'd of human life !

AND see ! *Hilario* comes to prove thy sweets ;
 The gay, the good ! with manly-spirit fraught,
 And manly-grace adorn'd ! with him, the fair,
 The gentle *Delia* moves ; in whom appear
 The winning softness of her tender sex,
 Mix'd with the sprightly turn, and modest glow,
 The charms of virtue, wit and love ! while all
 Give to her dearer self, in each fond glance
 That meets his raptur'd eye, the surest pledge
 Of future bliss. Be present, all that's good :
Ye registers of heav'n record their vows !
 And thou, *exhaustless source of love !* pronounce
 The irrevocable *Fiat* — “ Both be blest ! ” —

MAY health and peace their dwelling make with
 them !

With them, be all th' endearing virtues found ;
 Truth, constancy, and ever-ardent will
 T' enlarge, and to refine each others joys !
 Shou'd sad *misfortune* come, as come it may,
 Then in that heart-extremity, may they feel
 Those nameless sympathies, those clearing thoughts
 That peace and soft humanity inspire :
 And tun'd to such an unison of soul,
 Be *one* their wish, their pleasure, and their pain !
 Upbraidings give affliction all its sting :
 While friendly pity, and the cordial glow
 To lessen or sustain the mutual load,
 (If not *annihilate* the sense of pain)
 Brighten distress, and make ev'n sorrow smile.

YET, be not all their happiness confin'd
 Within the narrow limits of themselves !
 O, may it take a *wider scope*, and flow
 In many little streams of beauteous life,
 The fruit and stronger cement of their loves !

At first, the objects of a thousand cares ; but when
 To manly sense, and manly goodness rear'd,
 The stay and comfort of declining age !
 Thus may their years advance—one constant round
 Of solid pleasure, sway'd by reason's laws !
 The proof resistless of this certain truth—
Friendship with Love's the noblest gift of heaven !
 And be this other truth with that conjoin'd,
Virtue's the base of Friendship and of Love !



The following PROLOGUES were wrote
 for the intended Representation of their
 respective PLAYS, which were to
 have been perform'd by some YOUNG
 GENTLEMEN.

PROLOGUE TO PHÆDRA and HIPPOLITUS.

IN antient times, when *Athens* reign'd supreme,
 Of arts the mistress, as of *Greece* the queen ;
 When wit from judgment differ'd but in name,
 And polish'd life, and mortal, were the same ;
 The stage, corrected by the nicest taste,
 Was chose the means to make true virtue last :

Beyond

Beyond the cold perceptive form of schools,
 Her lively scenes taught solid wisdom's rules ;
 Search'd the conceal'd recesses of the heart,
 Confirm'd the good, and made the vicious smart.
 Then plays, like *Phædra*, fix'd the attentive mind ; }
 Whose honest sense, to nature's sway confin'd,
 Delighted most in that, that most its pow'rs refin'd. }

WHAT *Athens* once possest, this isle may claim,
 In native worth and ev'ry art the same :
 In spight of low corruption's idle throng,
 Of French refinements, and Italian song ;
 The seat of sense and goodness here below,
 The scourge of folly, and of vice the foe.
 Hence, firmly trusting to the just essay,
 Our patriot-author form'd this noble play :
 To your chaste hearts exposes *Phædra*'s flame,
 Yet, makes you pity what you can't but blame ;
 The lovely contrast in *Ismena* draws,
 Where virtue only yields the fair applause ;
 Bids you review the glories *Theseus* won,
 And see them rival'd in his godlike son :
 Still to support the great instructive scene,
 To teach what truth's fair forms in Statesmen mean ;
 Gives the dark subtle *Lycon* to your hate,
 Strikes you with dread of what his arts create, }
 And then with honest joy rewards you in his fate. }

O ! cou'd this place, and our best action yield
 The genuine produce of this fruitful field ;
 Cou'd we the force of ev'ry passion reach,
 And with Athenian skill her learning teach ;
 Then might we boast the honours of that age,
 A Grecian audience, and a Grecian stage :
 But BRITISH taste has made this praise its own,
 T'admire exalted sense, howe'er imperfect shewn.



PROLOGUE TO VENICE PRESERVED.

THE tragic muse, by virtue's influence taught,
Has long refined the heart and raised the
thought :

Long, on the BRITISH stage, enjoyed her throne ;
Her chosen seat — more loved than *Greece* or *Rome* !
Whatever arts poetic-niceness plan'd,
Imposing rigorous laws on *Attic* land ;
However Fancy, chained by critic rules,
Was prun'd and modeliz'd in ancient schools ;
Who wrote like SHAKESPEAR ? who, with force
divine,

Like him attain'd the heights of true sublime,
Display'd the pointed wit, the tender strain,
The pomp and horror of the magic train ?

IN order next, a num'rous race succeed,
That teach the soul t' aspire, the heart to bleed ;
That make the stupid, feel ; the giddy, sage ;
And form the manners of a vicious age.
'Mongst these, let OTWAY claim distinguished place,
Who strikes the passions with peculiar grace ;
Who has chose unerring nature for his guide,
And draws each wav'ring thought to virtue's side.

IN

In *Pierre's* strong character to-night you'll see
 A noble spirit sunk in villainy ;
 A soul, adapted to support a state,
 And raise its welfare to a *Roman* height,
 Plotting fell vengeance for a private wrong,
 Which *Venice*, ruin only cou'd attone.
 Forget the traitor, when you've heard his tale,
 Mourn o'er his fate, and say—that man is frail.
 But what to sad unhappy *Jaffier* 's due,
 True to his friendship, to his country true !
 What for the sorrows *Belvidera* feels,
 Opprest and tortur'd with a thousand ills !
 Words can't describe what such deep passions mean ;
 Expressive *action* must complete the scene.
 Here then our dread begins ; we want that art,
 The force of kindling nature to impart,
 To strike and warm the sympathizing heart.

Wou'd you, ye fair, your native candour yield,
 Wou'd you, in all the pow'r of blessing skilled,
 Excuse our faults, accept our best essays,
 And where we shew some skill bestow your praise ;
 We'd own the justest ground for thanks was laid,
 And our imperfect merit much o'erpaid.
 This single proof will dissipate our fear,
 If from your charming eyes we draw the pitying
 tear.



A N
O D E
Sacred to L I B E R T Y.

November 5. 1745.

GUARDIAN Goddess of this isle,
Liberty! diffuse thy smile!
Shielded by thy soft'ring wing,
Gratefully thy praise we sing.
Infatuate son of priestly *Rome*!
Blind frenzy, sure, thy soul impells;
That thus with heedless steps you come,
To spoil the land where Freedom dwells:
Tyrants shall ne'er success obtain,
While Heav'n, and *George*, and Freedom reign.
Remember, *Britons*! when the lust
Of tyrant pow'r assai'd your laws;
When *James*, regardless of his *trust*,
Call'd *France* to aid his hellish cause:
Great Liberty's deciding voice
Pronounc'd the cruel bigot's fate;
Directed to a *worthy choice*,
And heav'n and *Nassau* saved your state.
A bastard-scion of this stock,
With cherished pride next strove to move
The basis of that princely rock
That's rooted in a people's love:

But

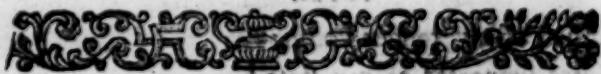
But Liberty and loyal Truth
 No sooner rear'd their awful head,
 Than, giving one unanswer'd proof
 Of genuine birth,---*the coward fled.
 Yet see ! th' invader's restless soul
 Renew'd his impious vain design,
 The choice of Britons to controul ;
 Their liberties to undermine.
 To gild his views, with *Rome's* false art,
 He offers what we now possess :
 But change ne'er sways the gen'rous heart,
 Great George, we feel, can Britain bless.
 Shall France, the bane of *Europe's* peace ?
 The foe declar'd of heav'n and earth !
 Shall she those ties of love release,
 That bind us to such royal worth ?

Her

* I am aware that a few of my readers may object to this (they will call it *scandalous*) reflection ; the personal bravery of K. James II. of which, they will urge, he gave several instances. But before they suffer themselves to be hurried too far by their *unaccountable attachment*, it becomes them to distinguish between valour, as it arises from principle, and that which depends merely on the *blood and animal spirits*. The one is alone entitled to the character of *Virtue* ; the other is a *blind mechanical impulse*, of infinite mischief to the world when join'd to *power*, and uncorrected by those noble and generous sentiments proper to the human heart, which of themselves, in a time of public danger, will inspire courage, and most undaunted resolution.

A love of liberty, from the sense of its high importance, and a warm tender regard for the interests of mankind, are the only proper foundation of true heroic bravery. In short, fortitude, in its very idea, involves all the *virtues* of public and private life : whereas a tyrant-disposition, as it secretly labours to *disarm*, in order to secure the success of its cruel purposes, is one of the strongest proofs in nature of absolute cowardice ; of a poor, base, abject soul, in which nothing godlike, nothing manly, nothing that can claim equality with the natural instincts of brute-creatures, can possibly subsist.

Her tool of *cruel pow'r* impose,
 To fill the plan so long design'd ;
 This isle to make a seat of woes,
 And in our chains enslave mankind ?
O LIBERTY ! our bosoms warm
 With sense of ev'ry *virtuous good* ;
 Our country, king, th' ennobling charm
 Of friendship, and the ties of blood !
 Each single *Briton* then shall rise
 A rampart to his sov'reign's throne ;
 Each then that *sacred life* shall prize,
 Which who defends, defends his *own*.



A

C A N T A T A.

RECITATIVE.

GR EAT BRITAIN's power, on freedom's breast
 reclin'd,
 Indulg'd the sadness of her drooping mind.
 The *gods* first the solemn silence broke ;
 And thus in clearing strains her *child* bespoke.

AIR.

Sole obje~~c~~t of my *constant care* !
 Dispell the gloom that shades thy brow :
 The native thunder of thy war
 Shall blast those schemes that threat thee now.

Let

Let holy concord once prevail,
 Let Britain with her King unite ;
 The craft of Rome and Hell shall fail,
 And France lament her baffled spite :
 Assisting Heav'n this truth will own,
 That GEORGE deserves Britannia's throne.

CHORUS.

Assisting Heav'n, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Of ancient struggles in her sacred cause,
 A noble scene th' awak'ning Goddess draws.
 With native courage warm'd and honest pride
 Of conscious worth, Britannia thus reply'd.

AIR.

Guardian of my tender youth,
 Great supporter of my state !
 Thou inspiring, Loyal-truth
 Soon shall fix rebellion's fate.
 See ! my gen'rous Sons agree
 In one sense of common good,
 Streaming wide from GEORGE and thee,
 Dearer than their vital blood !
 Tyrants daring,
 Woes preparing,
 Grateful Britons now shall own,
 To direct them,
 To protect them,
 Royal GEORGE must fill the throne.

CHORUS.

Tyrants daring, &c.

F I N I S.

